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For the Hartford Herald.

THE TRAMP.

BY WILLIAM LAMONT.

Looking for work? Yes, sir, times are so dull,
There's nothing to do, so I took to the road;
And I tried, and I tried, but the shops are all full,
On half time; so I've tramped, but I can't get a job.

Hard? Yes, when starvation stares one in the face,
And he's willing to work, and too honest to steal.
Beg? Well, that's done with a very bad grace,
For there's few that will give a poor tramp a square meal.

You, too, were a tramp? Well you'll best understand
How quick a poor fellow gets broken in heart,
When the spirit is quenched, that would otherwise stand,
Were work and prosperity only his part.

It is, indeed, a rough, vagabond life that I lead.
How long have I tramped? Six months I've been on the road,
And, sir, in that time I've been often in need
Of something to eat, and a fire, and a bed.

Thank you, sir. No, I won't drink it up;
It's the first cent I've handled for many a day;
And, O God! would I sink it in hell's blackest cup,
That has changed to December my beautiful May?

I get crazed when I think what that demon has done!
All the misery and suffering that I have passed through,
Is all owing to when the desire first begun
To taste, and oh, Heaven! how fiercely it grew!

Till its blasting effects caused a blight on my life
That time cannot heal, with its far-healing power;
A home, angel child, and a kind loving wife
Were mine, in the flush of my manhood's first hour.

I had steady work: I was good at my trade;
And respected by all that were good in the town;
But temptations were strong—although efforts I made—
And the Tempter's dread power soon got me low down.

Night after night—but the story is old,
And an uninteresting one, maybe, to you.
Times got hard, and a few of the workmen were told
To leave; and I with the rest had to go.

It was winter, and every dollar was spent
At the dram-shops, and no one would give me employ,
And the landlord was clamoring loud for his rent,
With a thousand things else that my head would annoy.

By hook and by crook we had kept the wolf out;
But he entered at last, with a gaunt, hungry look,
And the phantom of Famine came lingering about,
With a horrible visage no effort could brook.

Then my wife, uncomplaining, got sick, and I saw
Every hour a new terror in that haggard face;
Starvation was working out nature's stern law—
Yes, sir, it was truly a burning disgrace.

There's no use in painting those scenes o'er again.
Suffice it, she died, with her babe at her breast.
Better for her, for a life-time of pain
That was hers, could not follow her there to to her rest.

I was alone. The remorse of that hour
Can't be told in merely a mouthful of breath!
Ah! I felt all the burning despair of its power,
And I longed for relief in the calm sleep of death.

But I live, and I mourn for the joys I have lost,
And now, when half starved and half crazy, I think
Of hardships endured while through the world tossed,
And curse the dark hour I was tempted to drink.

Yes, the nights they are cold; but I'm used to that now,
A barn or a strawstack affords me a bed;
Any shelter to keep the night-dew from my brow,
And my wallet serves well for to pillow my head.

Not much comfort, I tell you; but, sir, there are times,
When alone on some straw-pile I sorrowing lie;
There, gazing aloft, on the bright starry climes,
My soul to the loved ones will silently fly.

And loved faces gleam from bright stars far above,
And sweet music floats on my listening ear;
And the prattle of babes, and the sweet voice of love,
In rapture of raptures distinctly I hear.

And the still air is stirred by the flutter of wings,
And a sweet, soothing voice breathes of comfort and hope;
Then Misery's friend her blest boon of sleep flings,
And I roam and am happy, through dreamland's wide scope.

I often have thought, that the spirits above,
Who were once a bright part of our joy here below,
See the ru n and the wreck of an earthly love,
With a pitying sigh and a tear-drop of woe.

If they do, then their tear-drops must fall as we sleep,
And gleam in the sunshine of morning as dew,
For sweet o'er our dreams holy calms often creep,
Like the calm holy moments that happiness knew.

You didn't look for such sentiments, sir, from a tramp?
Well, this unshaven face and these old tattered clothes
Don't speak very plainly of intellect's lamp,
Nor is tobacco's vile stench the perfume of the rose.

You are right, sir! The world judges hastily indeed,
And appearances mostly deceive those that trust.
Though ragged and tattered and sorely in need,
I know God has lifted me out of the dust.

Low down though I am, by a stern, hard decree,
I feel that kind Providence watches me still;
Though a bond-slave to want, yet the mind is as free
As the sunlight that's gilding yon far distant hill.

I have sorrows and troubles and trials that may
Be a curse and a burden for sins I have done,
But I gaze through the mist of despair's darkest day,
And behold in His glory Hope's bright rising sun.

And beyond the dark vista of life's troubled sky,
I know that the loved ones are waiting for me;
A few weary years—they will quickly pass by—
Then the happiness lost I shall once again see.

Well, thank you again, sir; I've detained you too long
With a story of woe,—but, sir, do you think
That the miseries suffered atone for the wrong
I have done, through the influence of drink?

Millwood, Ky., August, 1875.

Ellinor's Guardian;

—OR,—

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "LADY LISLE," "DARRELL MARKHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

HORACE MARGRAVE'S CONFESSION.

Life in the Faubourg St. Germain seemed very dreary to Ellinor after the brilliant London society to which she had been accustomed since her marriage. Her aunt's visiting list was very limited. Four or five old dowagers, who thought that the glory of the world had departed with the Bourbons; and that France, in the van of the great march of civilization, was foremost in a demoniac species of dance, leading only to destruction and the erection of a new guillotine upon the Place de la Revolution; two or three elderly but creditably preserved aristocrats of the ancient *regime*, whose political principle had stood still ever since 1783, and who something resembled ormolu clocks of that period; very much ornamented and embellished, but entirely powerless to tell the hour of the day; three or four very young ladies, educated in convents, and entirely uninterested in anything beyond M. Lamartine's poetry, and the manufacture of point lace; and one terrifically bearded and mustachioned gentleman, who had written a volume of poems, entitled "Clouds and Mists," but who had not yet been so fortunate as to meet with a publisher—this was about the extent of the visiting circle in the Rue St. Dominique; and for this circle Ellinor's aunt set apart a particular evening, on which she was visible, in conjunction with *eau sucree*, rather weak coffee, and water biscuits.

The very first day of Ellinor's visit happened to be the day of her aunt's reception, and it seemed to her as if the tiresome hours would never wear themselves out, or the equally tiresome guests take their departure. She could not help remembering how different everything would have been had Horace Margrave been present. How he would have fought the battle of the *tiers etat* with the white-headed old partisans of the departed noblesse; how he would have discussed and critically analized Lamartine's odes with the young ladies from the convent; how he would have flattered the vanity of the bearded poet; and regretted the Bourbons with the faded old dowagers. But he was away—gone out of her life, perhaps, entirely. "I shall never see him again," she said; "that dear and honorable guardian in whose care my dead father left me!"

The next day she went with her aunt to the Louvre, to see the improvements that had been made beneath the sway of that new ruler, who had already began his work of regeneration in brick and mortar. The pictures only wearied her; the very coloring of the Rubens' seemed to have lost half its glowing beauty since she had last seen him; and Maria de Medici, florid and resplendent, bored her terribly. Many of the recent acquisitions she thought frightfully over-rated, and she hurried her aunt away from the splendid exhibition before they had been there half an hour. She made a few purchases in the Palais Royal; and loitered for a little time at a milliner's, in the Rue de l'Echelle, discussing a new bonnet, and then declared herself thoroughly tired out with her morning's exertion.

She threw herself back into the carriage, and was very silent as they drove home; but suddenly, as they turned from the Rue de Rivoli into the open space between the Tuileries and the Louvre, they passed close to a hackney coach, in which a gentleman was seated, and Ellinor, starting up, cried out—"Aunt! my guardian, Mr. Margrave! Did you not see him? He has just this moment passed us in a hackney coach." She pulled the check-string violently as she spoke, and her aunt's coachman stopped; but Horace Margrave was out of sight, and the vehicle in which he was seated lost among the crowd of carriages of the same description, rattling up and down the bustling street.

"Never mind, my dear Ellinor," said her aunt, as Ellinor, letting down the carriage window, looked eagerly out; "if you are not mistaken in the face of the person who passed us, and it really is Horace Margrave, he is sure to call upon us immediately."

"Mistaken in my guardian's face! No, indeed. But of course he will call, as you say, aunt."

"Yes; he will call this evening, most likely. He knows how seldom I go out."

"What can have brought him to Paris?" thought Ellinor. "I know he would rather shun me than seek me out; for, since the coolness between himself and my husband, he always seemed to avoid me; so I can have nothing to do with this visit. But surely he will call this evening"

All that evening, and all the next morning, she constantly expected to hear the lawyer's name announced, but still he did not come. "He had important business to transact yesterday, perhaps," she thought; "and he may be employed this morning; but in the evening he is sure to call."

After dinner she sat by the low wood fire in her aunt's little drawing-room, turning over the leaves of a book she had vainly endeavored to read, and looking every moment at the tiny buhl clock over the chimney; but the evening slowly dragged itself through, and still no Horace Margrave. She expected him on the following day, but again only to be disappointed; and in this manner the week passed, without her hearing any tidings of him.

"He must have left Paris!" she thought, "left Paris without once calling here to see me. Nothing could better testify his utter indifference," she added, bitterly. "It was no doubt only for my father's sake that he ever pretended any interest in the friendless orphan girl."

The following week Ellinor went with her aunt once or twice to the Opera, and to two or three *reunions* in the Faubourg, at which her handsome face and elegant manners made some sensation; but still no Horace Margrave! "If he had been in Paris, we should have seen him most likely at the Opera," thought Ellinor.

That week elapsed, and on the Sunday evening Ellinor Dalton sat alone in her own room, writing a packet of letters to some friends in England, when she was interrupted by a summons from her aunt. Some one wanted her in the drawing-room immediately.

Some one in the drawing-room, who wanted to see her! Could it be her guardian at last?

"A lady or a gentleman?" she asked of the servant who brought her aunt's message.

"A lady—a sister of mercy."

She hurried into the drawing-room, and found, as the servant had told her, a sister of mercy in conversation with her aunt.

"My dear Ellinor, this lady wishes you to accompany her on a visit to a sick person; a person whom you know, but whose name she is forbidden to reveal. What can this mystery mean?"

"A sick person, who wishes to see me?" said Ellinor. "But I know so few people in Paris; no one likely to send for me."

"If you can trust me, madam," said the sister of mercy, "and if you will accompany me on my visit to this person, I believe your presence will be of great service. The mind of the invalid is, I regret to say, in a very disturbed state, and you only, I imagine, will be able, under Heaven and the Church, to give relief to that."

"I will come," said Mrs. Dalton.

"But Ellinor——" exclaimed her aunt, anxiously.

"If I can be of any service, my dear aunt, it would be most cruel, most cowardly, to refuse to go."

"But, my dear child, when you do not know the person to whom you are going?"

"I will trust this lady," answered Ellinor, "and I will go. I will throw on my bonnet and shawl, and join you, madame," she added to the sister of mercy, as she hurried from the apartment.

"When these girls once get married, there's no managing them," murmured Ellinor's aunt, as she folded her thin white hands, bedecked with a great many old-fashioned rings, resignedly, one over the other. "Pray do not let them detain her long," she continued aloud, to the sister of mercy, who sat looking gravely into the few embers in the little English grate. "I shall suffer the most excruciating anxiety till I see her safely home again."

"She will be perfectly safe with me, madame."

"Now, madame, I am quite at your service," said Ellinor, re entering the room.

In a few moments they were seated in a hackney coach, and rattling through the quiet faubourg.

"Are you going far?" asked Ellinor of her companion.

"To Meurice's Hotel."

"To Meurice's? Then the person I am going to see is not a resident of Paris?"

"No, Madame."

Who could it be? Not a resident of Paris. Some one from England no doubt. Who could it be? Husband or Horace Margrave? These were the only two persons who presented themselves to her mind; but in either case, why this mystery?

They reached the hotel, and the sister of mercy herself led the way up-stairs into an enclosed hall on the third story, where she stopped suddenly at the door of a small sitting-room, which she entered, followed by Ellinor.

Two gentlemen, evidently physicians, stood talking in whispers, in the embrasure of the window. One of them looked up at seeing the two women enter, and to him the sister of mercy said—

"Your patient, Monsieur Delville?"

"He is quiter, Louise. The delirium has subsided; he is now quite sensible; but very much exhausted," replied the physician. "Is this the lady?" he added, looking at Ellinor.

"Yes, Monsieur Delville."

"Madame," said the doctor, "will you favor me with a few moments' conversation?"

"With pleasure, monsieur. But first, let me implore you, one word. This sick person, for mercy's sake, tell me his name."

"That I cannot do, madame; his name is unknown to me."

"But the people in the hotel?"

"Are also ignorant of it. His portmanteau has no address. He came most probably on a flying visit; but he has been detained here by a very alarming illness."

"Then let me see him, monsieur. I cannot endure this suspense. I have reason to suppose that this gentleman is a friend who is very dear to me. Let me see him, and then I shall know the worst."

"You shall see him, madame, in ten minutes. Monsieur Leruce, will you prepare the patient for an interview with this lady?"

The other doctor bowed gravely, and opened a door leading into an inner apartment, which he entered, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Madame," said Monsieur Delville, "I was called in, only three days ago, to see the person lying in the next room. My colleague had been for some time attending him through a very difficult case of typhus fever. A few days ago the case became still more complicated and difficult, by an affection of the brain which supervened, and Monsieur Leruce, not feeling himself strong enough to combat these difficulties, considered it his duty to call in another physician. I was, therefore, summoned. I found the case, as my colleague had found it, a most extraordinary one. There was not only physical weakness to combat, but mental depression—mental depression of so terrible and gloomy a character, that both Monsieur Leruce and myself feared that should we even succeed ip preserving the life of the patient, we might fail in saving his reason."

"How terrible! How terrible!" said Ellinor.

"During the three days and nights in which I have attended him," continued the doctor, "we have not succeeded until this evening in obtaining an interval of consciousness; but throughout the delirium our patient has perpetually dwelt upon one or two subjects, which, though of a different character, may be by some chain of circumstances connected into the one source of his mental wretchedness. Throughout his wanderings one name has been incessantly upon his lips."

"And that name is——?"

"Ellinor Dalton!"

"My own name!"

"Yes, madame, your name coupled with perpetual entreaties for pardon; forgiveness of a great wrong—a wrong done long since— and scrupulously concealed——"

"A wrong done! If this is the person I suspect it to be, he never, never was any thing but the truest friend to me; but, for pity's sake, let me see him. This torture of suspense is killing me."

"One moment, madame. I had some difficulty in finding you; but mentioning everywhere the name of the lady of whom I was in search, I fortunately happened to make the inquiry of a friend of your aunt's. This good, devoted Louise, here, was ready to set out immediately on her errand of mercy, and I thought that you might feel, perhaps, more confident in her than in me."

At this moment, the door of communication between the two apartments was softly opened, and the other doctor entered.

"I have prepared the patient for your visit, madame," he said, "but you must guard against a shock to your own feelings in seeing him. He is very ill."

"In danger?" asked Ellinor.

"Unhappily, yes—in very great danger!"

Throughout the brief interview with the physician, Ellinor Dalton had said to herself,—"Whatever it is that must be endured by me, I will bear it bravely—for his sake I will bear it bravely." Her handsome face was white as death—the firm, thin lips rigidly locked over the closely shut teeth—the dark and mournful gray eyes tearless and serene; but her heart knocked against her breast so loudly, that she seemed to hear the heavy throb of its every pulsation in the stillness of the room.

Her worst presentiments were realized.

Horace Margrave lay with his head thrown back upon the piled-up pillows, and his attenuated hand stretched listlessly upon the eiderdown counterpane which was wrapped about him. His head was bound with wet linen, over which his nurse had tied a handkerchief of scarlet, whose vivid hue made his white face seem by the contrast still more ghastly. His dark-brown eyes had lost the dreamy expression usual to them, and had the bright and feverish lustre of disease. They were fixed, with a haggard and earnest gaze, upon the door through which Ellinor entered.

"At last!" he said, with a hysterical cry. "At last!"

She pressed her hand tightly over her beating heart, and, falling on her knees by his bedside, said to him, very quietly—

"Horace—Horace! what is this? Why—why do I find you thus?"

He fixed his great lustrous eyes upon her, as he answered—

"What is it, Ellinor? Shall I tell you?"

"Yes—yes! if you can tell me without unnerving yourself."

"Unnerving myself!" he laughed, with a bitter, unnatural cadence. "Unnerve myself—look at that!" he stretched out one thin, half transparent hand, which trembled like an aspen leaf, until he let it fall lifelessly upon the quilt. "For four years, Ellinor, I have been slowly burning out my life in one long nervous fever; and you tell me not to unnerve myself."

He gave a restless, impatient sigh, and, tossing his weary head back upon the pillow, turned his face to the wall.

Ellinor Dalton looked round the room in which this brilliant, all-accomplished, admired, and fascinating Horace Margrave had lain for eleven dreary days—eleven painful nights.

It was a small apartment, comfortably furnished, and heated by a stove. On the table by the bedside a Book of Hours lay open, with a rosary thrown across the page, where the reader had left off. Near this was an English Testament, also lying open. The sister of mercy who had been nursing Horace Margrave, had procured this Testament in his own language, in hopes that he would be induced to read it. But the sick man, when sensible, spoke to her in French; and when she implored him to see a priest, refused, with an impatient gesture, which he repeated when she spoke to him of a Protestant clergyman whom she knew, and could summon to him.

The dim lamp was shaded from the eyes of the invalid by a white porcelain screen, which subdued the light, and cast great shadows of the furniture upon the walls of the room.

He lay for some time quite quietly, with his face still turned away from Ellinor, but by the incessant nervous motion of the hand lying upon the counterpane, she knew that he was not asleep.

The doctor opened the door softly, and looked in.

"If he says anything to you," he whispered to Ellinor, "hear it quietly; but do not ask him any questions; and, above all, do not betray agitation."

She bowed her head in assent, and the physician closed the door.

Suddenly Horace Margrave turned his face to her, and looking at her earnestly with his haggard eyes, said—

"Ellinor Dalton, you ask me what this means. I will tell you. The very day on which you left England, a strange chance led me into the heart of a manufacturing town—a town which was being ravaged by the fearful scourge of an infectious fever; I was in a very weak state of health, and, as might be expected, I caught this fever. I was warned, when it was perhaps not yet too late to have taken precautions which might have saved me, but I would not take those precautions. I was too great a coward to commit suicide. Some people say a man is too brave to kill himself—I was not—but I was too much a coward. Life was hateful, but I was afraid to die. Yet I would not avert a danger which had not been my own seeking. Let the fever kill me, if it would. Ellinor, my wish is fast being accomplished. I am dying!"

"Horace! Horace!" She fell on her knees once more at the side of the bed, and taking the thin hand in hers, pressed it to her lips.

He drew it away as if it had been stung. "For Heaven's sake, Ellinor, if you have any pity—no tenderness! That I cannot bear. For four years you have never seen me without a mask. I am going to let it fall. You will curse me, you will hate me soon, Ellinor Dalton!"

"Hate you, Horace—never!"

He waved his hand impatiently, as if to wave away protestations that must soon be falsified.

"Wait," he said, "you do not know." Then, after a brief pause he continued—"Ellinor, I have not been the kindest or the tenderest of guardians, have I, to my beautiful young ward? You reproached me with my cold indifference one day soon after your marriage, in the little drawing-room in Hertford street."

"You remember that?"

"I remember that! Ellinor, you never spoke one word to me in your life which I do not remember; as well as the accent in which it was spoken, and the place where I heard it. I say, I have not been a kind or affectionate guardian—have I, Ellinor?"

"You were so once. Horace," she said.

"I was so once. When, Ellinor?"

"Before my uncle left me that wretched fortune."

"That wretched fortune—yes, that divided us at once and forever. Ellinor, there were two reasons for this pitiful comedy of cold indifference. Can you guess one of them?"

"No," she answered.

"You cannot? I affected an indifference I did not feel, or pretended an apathy which was a lie from first to last, because, Ellinor Dalton, I loved you with the whole strength of my heart and soul, from the first to the last."

"Oh, Horace! Horace! for pity's sake!" She stretched out her hands imploringly, as if she would prevent the utterance of the words which seemed to break her heart.

"Ellinor, when you were seventeen years of age, you had no thought of succeeding to your uncle's property. It would have been, upon the whole, a much more natural thing for him to have left it to his adopted son, Henry Dalton. Your poor father fully expected that he would do so; I expected the same. Your father intrusted me with the custody of your little income, and I discharged my trust honestly. I was a great speculator; I dabbled with thousands, and cast down heavy sums every day, as a gambler throws down a card upon the gambling-table; and to me your mother's little fortune was so insignificant a trust, that its management never gave me a moment's thought or concern. At this time I was going on in a fair way to become a rich man; in fact, was a rich man; and, Ellinor, I was an honorable man. I loved you—loved you as I never believed I could love—my innocent and beautiful ward; how could I well be otherwise? I never was a coxcomb, Ellinor; and if there is one character I hold more in contempt than another, it is that of a lady-killer; but I dared to say to myself—'I love, and I am beloved again.' Those dark and deep gray eyes, Ellinor, had told me the secret of a young and confiding heart: and I thought myself more than happy—only too deeply blest. Oh, Ellinor! Ellinor! if I had spoken then."

Her head was buried in her hands, as she knelt by his pillow, and she was sobbing aloud.

"There was time enough, I said. This, Ellinor, was the happiest period of my life. Do you remember our quiet evenings in the Rue St. Dominique, when I left business, and business cares, behind me in Nerulam Buildings, and ran over here to spend a week in my young ward's society? Do you remember the books we read together? Good heavens! there is a page in Lamartine's, 'Odes,' which I can see before me as I speak! I can see the lights and shadows which I taught you to put under the cupola of a church in Munich, which you once painted in water-colors. I can recall every thought, every word, every pleasure, and every emotion of that sweet and tranquil time, in which I hoped and believed that you, Ellinor, would be my wife."

[Concluded next week.]

Motherless.

From the Albany Press.

Three little golden heads at an upper window, and a long line of carriages below. Nurse holds baby up, who laughs and claps his little dimpled hands, as his eye is caught by the nodding plumes on the hearse; and presently the procession moves down the street, and mother has gone forever. The men from the undertaker's remove the traces of the funeral; the parlors are in their wonted order, except, perhaps, the curtains are not looped as gracefully, the furniture is not disposed as tastefully, and the little ornaments and *bijouterie* are not in their accustomed places. In mother's room there's a chill and a prim air about everything, so different from its usual look of cozy comfort. A bright June sunlight is gleaming through the half-opened blinds, but it does not seem to give warmth or cheer. The toys are brought out, the children soon tire of them, there's something gone by—they scarce realize what. By and by baby begins to fret, and nurse gets cross. Poor little darling! mamma's pet! how tenderly she would have soothed him with soft lullabys. And then papa comes home and gathers the little flock around his knee, and tries to tell them something of the beautiful home to which mamma has gone; but they want her sadly here, they cannot think why the good Father should want her so much more.

Fifteen disguised men hanged Preston H. Murphy, suspected thief, in Robertson county, Monday night week. He's mad about it.

For the Hartford Herald.

JOHNNIE AND HIS SIXPENCE.

BY MARY TWEDDLE.

"Johnnie," said Mr. Gray, to his son, "you must borrow some kindling wood and make a good fire against your ma and little Lizzie comes home."

"Oh! papa," cried Johnny, "there is not a bit of coal in the coal-house, and the people will not lend us any more, because, papa, they say you will not pay them what you owe them now."

"But, my child," said his father, "we must have some fire, for your mother and little Lizzie will be almost frozen, for they have to come a long way; and, besides, you must not give up, but try, try again."

Little Johnnie took up his basket, and started off on his journey to get some coal. He went to the house of one of their nearest neighbors, and knocked on the front door, but no answer came—all was silent. He then stole softly round to the back porch, where he had once seen a nicely dressed lady.

Johnnie peeped in at the open window, and saw Mr. Johnson and his wife. He knocked on the door, and some one called out in a loud voice, "What do you want, there?"

"Excuse me, please; but papa sent me here to borrow some coal to make a fire for my poor mother and little sister, for they will be almost frozen when they reach home, and we will be so glad to see them," little Johnnie said, his eyes beaming with joy, for he had not seen them for a long time.

"Begone! you little beggar! I will not let your father have any more coal until he pays me what he owes me."

Johnnie started off almost heart-broken, but, remembering his father's words, 'try, try, again,' he entered a door and ascended a stairway, and in the hall above met three young ladies.

Johnnie spoke to them very politely, and said, "Will you please tell me where Mrs. Graham lives?"

One of the young ladies stopped and pointed out the room.

"What is the matter with you, little boy?" said Miss Bertha, as she looked at him and smiled.

Johnnie told his story, and she gave him a sixpence, and told him to go and buy some coal with it.

Johnnie took the money, thanked Miss Bertha, and turned to go away, for, child as he was, he knew that the other girls were waiting outside for their companion.

"Open the door, Bertha, quick! for I am nearly frozen. I would have let the little beggar get his coal the best way he could, if I had been you."

"Oh! Emma!" cried Bertha, "how can you be so cruel! Do you not know the Bible says remember the poor?"

"I know it does," said Emma, "but I would not do it: let him get it the best way he can."

Johnnie went on and bought some coal with his money. He took it home and made a nice warm fire, and when his mother came home she brought him some nice presents, which made him forget all about the way Mr. Johnson had treated him about the coal; for he he was glad to see his mother and little sister, and he jumped for joy.

So the little family spent a happy night in the cottage of Mr. Gray.

I hope all who read this will be like Miss Bertha. Remember the poor, for the Bible says "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Utica, Ky., August 8, 1875.

Fooled into Marrying the Wrong Man.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

An affair occurred yesterday at one of the minor hotels in this city, which, were it not for the rather tragic influence it bears upon human life, would be rather comical. A certain unmarried individual living at Saxonburg has had living in his house, for a year or more, a buxom German woman, with whom he was more intimate than either the law or the accepted system of morality allows. A month or so ago a child was born, and the father promised in order to settle the difficulty which ensued, to marry the mother. Yesterday the two, accompanied by a friend, came to the city and stopped at the hotel, which is on Water street, not far from the Connersville depot. A Grant street magistrate was sent for and told that he was expected to solemnize a marriage between the woman, who cannot speak a word of English, and the man. When the parties stood up, the friend who had accompanied the two, took his place beside the woman, who was told that this was the proper form to go through, and was married to her, while the Saxonburg man stood at one side laughing at the cheat. The woman did not discover to whom she had been married for an hour or two afterward, and the father of her child went away chuckling at the manner in which he had escaped the consequences of his previous indiscretion. What the result will be cannot yet be told, but the woman, yesterday afternoon, visited several magistrates with the desire of having the matrimonial knot untied, and expressed great indignation at the way she had been treated.

The marriage of a white man to a negro woman nearly incited the people of Sheffield, Mass., to a riot.